

And it comes to the same thing," "I seek!" exclaimed the Spirit. "Forgive me if I am wrong," Haas then done your name, or least that of your family," said the ghost. "There are some upon this earth of ours," returned the Spirit, "who lay waste your name, and know it, for their ends of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry and selfishness in your name, who are as strange to you as your birth or skin, as if they had never lived. Remember, and forgive, their doings on themselves, and on us."

The Spirit promised that he would, and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the ghost (which Scrooge had never observed before) that he

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Oh, wonderful pudding! Mrs. Cratchit said, and calmly, too, as she regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since her marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said, too how the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quality of the flour, but nobody had something to say about it but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would, you see, be wiser to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing, at that.

At last the dinner was all done, and cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The company in the jug being tasted, and congealed perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of burning coal.

But, if you had judged from the number of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have been disappointed. At home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fire half-chimney high.

Scrooge returned the Spirit, "who lay down on his back, with his arms and legs extended, in a fit of passion, pride, ill-will, haughtiness, bigotry and selfishness in general," to the "land of nod," and all our kith and kin, as if they did never live. Remember that, and do not imitate their doings on themselves, and on us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and there went on, invisible, as they were wont to do, the good work of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had perceived at the baker's) that of